

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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HYMN OF THE NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Hath doft her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed
throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord
was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now had quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the
charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid
them go.

—Milton.

ONE MEDIATOR.

(CHRISTMAS EVE.)

"There is one God, and one Mediator between God and
men, the man Christ Jesus." 1 Timothy ii. 5.

Only one mediator, and he is human. And
why must he be a man? Simply because
God is human, and nothing else than human-
ity can transmit him as he is. This grand
truth of the humanity of God, rightly dis-
criminated and apprehended, is one of the
most precious and vital in all the treasury
of the gospel. It is opposed to two specious
and besetting errors,—that God is an im-
passive force, somewhere at the centre of
things, whence this great mechanism of
worlds grew out by spontaneous evolution,—
and it is opposed to the more hideous notion
that he is an arbitrary sovereign. In the
place of either it brings out the doctrine
that God is a being who, like us, has feelings,
desires, yearnings, yea, *wants*; for he wants
to impart his own peace, and gain from his
creatures some return for his infinite love.
Open your Bible and see how directly you
are drawn away from the old stoicism, that
God reposes on the peaks of eternity cold
and serene, leaving the world with their
mean affairs to inferior deities. In the Bible
we read of divine humanities, divine griefs
and sorrows, as if the divine sympathies
ran down through all sensitive beings and
felt every pulse of woe in his universe. I
cannot see the scripture or the reason of the
proposition which some of our theologians
have striven to make good,—that God is

incapable of suffering. As if that were perfection! What would you think of a man who sought to become perfect by becoming impassive and turning himself into stone? As man becomes better and more godlike, he becomes more susceptible to the sorrows of his fellows, and makes their griefs his griefs, and in this very susceptibility he ascends to a bliss altogether more sacred and plenary than men of wood and granite, that never suffer at all. And whence does all this susceptibility come to us? It comes out of the heart of God. It is a trait of the divine nature transcribed into man. It tells us that there are sufferings which are divine, and that the more our natures become open to them the more we become changed into the likeness of our glorious original. Thus we speak of the divine compassion, and that means suffering *with* another. And, as if description by words were not enough, Saint John, in apocalyptic vision, looks away up to the throne of God; and what does he see there? Not an arbitrary sovereign clothed in pomp and terror, not the lightnings out of the storm-clouds, not the show of magnificence affected by earthly sovereigns, but right in the midst of the throne, as it were getting sight of the heart of God, *a lamb as it had been slain*,—the wounded love of the Creator himself, as if there were a Calvary not in Palestine alone, but away in the heart of God, where we crucify him by our disobedience every day.

This being so, how plain it becomes that only humanity can mediate between man and the divine essence. Nature is competent to evolve his power and magnificence; we feel that sensibly enough when she crushes us like insects out of her way, or brushes us by the hundred into her great gulf stream. But in all her gamut she has not a single tone that is *human* or which can give us one lisp of the humanity of God. Nature in her impotency and her failure, man in his most urgent wants, point alike to this grand necessity,—that there shall be a mediator, and that that mediator shall be a man.

And not any or every man, but THE MAN CHRIST JESUS, a man whose nature opens both ways, up to God on the divine side, and down to the lowest of us on the human; not some tall angel talking to us from a distance out of the porches of heaven, but some one clothed in our nature, touching the earth in its lowest place of evil and darkness, and at the same time touching the inmost

heaven where all the divine scenery lay upon his soul; not sinful humanity, that cuts off the light rather than transmits it, but one supremely perfect, through whose translucency the whole divine nature is imaged forth. "Believest thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself, but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." "I in them and they in me, that they also may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that thou hast sent me." "All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son but the Father, neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." These proofs and illustrations show yet more openly the divine burden of truth which the text brings home to us,—one God and one peacemaker between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.

And what is the peace from God which comes through this mediation?

First we say, peace of mind, rest from those tossings of controversy for which there is no umpire or final appeal. "Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am." Human reason, after its guessings and roamings from sect to sect, yearns for a Lord and a Master, not to crush it down, but to take it up, weak, bewildered, and weary, and fold it in that Divine Reason whence alone it borrows vigor and illumination. Here is rest from the trials of faith, peace from the janglings of sect, assurance after the twilight gleams of our own intuitions. If you have been through the circuit of guess-work after truth, and, like the man lost in boundless woods, come back at evening to the spot you left in the morning, you will find how sweet is the intellectual repose in the reason of God or the Word made flesh. "I have wandered long and far," says one of these men, "but have not found the rest which you say is to be obtained. I have interrogated my own soul, but it answers not. I have gazed upon nature, but its many voices speak no articulate language to me; and, more especially when I gaze on the bright page of the mid-night heavens, those orbs gleam upon me with so cold a light and amid a silence so portentous that I am terrified with the spectacle of the infinite solitude." To the intellect weary with its wanderings, and

with no God-ward determinations, appeals the doctrine of one God and one peacemaker between God and man. I do not mean by this that repose in the Christian atonement, or faith in the Christian revelation, forbids or supersedes investigation, doubt, denial, and the most careful balancing of evidence. No: doubt if you must, deny if you must, weigh the arguments in the nicest intellectual scales. The clearest affirmation comes after doubt; but alas for the inquiries that end in nothing, alas for the search after truth that goes down into darkness, alas for the gropings after God that diverge away from him till he is out of sight and out of hearing! And, because the greatest and best minds in all the Christian centuries have used the highest faculties of reason and investigation till doubt has melted away in the broader illuminations of the Word, I urge with renewed confidence the claim of the one peacemaker between God and men.

Peace to the heart consumed with its fevers, lacerated with its passions, wounded in its deepest sympathies and affections, tainted with the poison of self-love, till touched and pervaded with the love of God. And it is not touched and pervaded with the love of God while he is far off in the eternal abyss, or a sovereign enforcing arbitrary decrees only for his own solitary glory; but through this mediation he does open the channels for our hearts to go up to him and the Divine Heart to throb down to us and fill this great chasm in the soul, this want of some object worthy of its immortal desires and endless aspirations.

Peace to the conscience! What anxiety, what weariness in endless self-analysis, in always looking into ourselves, in trying to take ourselves to pieces and put ourselves together again as they do watches that will not keep time! This is what some people call self-culture, and it is a kind of culture which, too much followed, is sure to end in self-bewilderments and self-disgust. How unsatisfying this kind of self-culture, at least to a spiritual nature quick and intuitive! Do your best, and it is not God's best, and the accuser has you in his eye, and follows you with equal steps, and corners you up and goads and worries you. Acting from ourselves only, we do nothing that satisfies us and always carry about the burden of a tormenting self-consciousness. And you rest from this by passing over through the Christ to him who takes the

work upon himself in the sovereign mouldings of the divine grace.

Peace after storms! For in the one Mediator are solved those mysteries of life and death that perplex and trouble us. For he turns upon them the light of immortality and shows the end they are working out; and, seen thus, they are like the crests of the waves when kissed by the breaking sunbeams and sinking into calm. And so for the mind and the heart and the conscience, and for the events that bear us onward, "There is one peacemaker between God and men,—the man Christ Jesus."—*Edmund H. Sears.*

THE STILL HOUR.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

O night of nights! O night
Desired of man so long!
The ancient heavens fled forth in light
To sing thee thy new song;
And shooting down the steep,
To shepherd folk of old,
An angel, while they watched their sheep,
Set foot beside the fold.

Lo! while as like to die,
Of that keen light he shed,
They looked on his pure majesty,
Amazed and sore bestead;
Lo! while with words of cheer,
He bade their trembling cease,
The flocks of God swept sweetly near,
And sang to them of peace.

All on the hillside grass
That fulgent radiance fell.
So close those innocents did pass,
Their words were heard right well;
Among the sheep, their wings
Some folding, walked the sod
An ordered throng of shining things,
White with the smile of God.

The waits of heaven to hear,
Oh, what it must have been!
Think, Christian people, think, and fear,
For cold hearts, for unclean;
Think how the times go by,
How love and longing fail,
Think how we live and how we die,
As this were but a tale.

O tender tale of old,
Live in thy dear renown;
God's smile was in the dark, behold
That way his hosts came down;
Light up, great God, thy word,
Make the blest meaning strong,
As if our ears indeed had heard
The glory of their song.

It was so far away;

But thou couldst make it near,
And all its living might display,
And cry to it, "Be here,"
Here, in th' unresting town
At once remote to them
Who heard it when the heavens came down
To pastoral Bethlehem.

It was so long ago,

But God can make it now,
And, as with that sweet overflow,
Our empty hearts endow;
Take, Lord, these words outworn,
Oh, make them new for aye,
Speak, "Unto you a child is born,"
To-day—to-day—to-day.

—*Holy Songs.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

OFFERS.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 237 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Juvenile

"With Cochrane the Dauntless," Henty;
"Grandfather's Chair," Hawthorne; "Arabian Nights"; "Gleanings from the Poets"; "Child's Garden of Verse," Stevenson; "Jack the Giant-Killer"; "Cat Stories"; "Denise and Ned Toodles"; "Doris and her Dog," Rodney; "Dorothy and her Friends"; "Dorothy Deane."

Educational.

"Primary Object-lessons"; "Natural Brief Geography"; "Modern Geography and History," Putz; "Ancient History for Beginners"; "A Brief History of the United States"; "First Book of Physical Geography"; "New Physical Geography," Tarr; "Elementary Physical Science"; Baldwin's "Reader" (fifth year); McMaster's "Primary United States"; "New Complete Arithmetic," Sensenig and Anderson; "Institutes of English Grammar," Gould Brown; "The Essentials of Arithmetic" (book 2); "Junior History of United States," Thorpe.

The following books and magazines are offered by the Second Church Branch, Salem. Please address Miss Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon

Street, Salem, Mass. *Farm and Home; Woman's Farm Journal; Home Science Magazine; Educational Journal; Motherhood*, a magazine teaching young mothers how to care for their little ones; "Household Receipts"; "Knitting Receipts"; "Care of, and Receipts for Cooking for, Sick People"; "Music"; *Harper's Bazar*, 1905.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I come again, thanking one and all who have been so kind to me in the past, and hope they may not forget me in the future in sending me papers and periodicals. I would be very grateful to have "Opening a Chestnut Burr," "Tempest and Sunshine," and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." I live in a neighborhood where the people are very fond of reading, and I will gladly pass on all that is sent me. My address has been changed from Idem, Amherst County, Virginia, to Monroe, Amherst County, Virginia. (Miss) Madge Grant.

2. As Mr. Taylor is in the Far West, and we are trying to run a Sunday-school without him, and it seems as if it will be difficult to keep up attendance, I thought I would ask for something for children under twelve years of age. Bibles and picture cards or any suitable books will be thankfully received by Mrs. Robert Taylor, Foscoe, North Carolina.

3. I would like to receive some good story-books for a boy aged twelve, whose mother is dead. He has come to live with us, just beginning to read. He don't know very much, learns easily, but hard to get interested in his books. With best wishes to your club, Mrs. Hettie Tucker, Witley, North Carolina.

4. Miss Annie L. Phillips, Oak Grove, Westmoreland County, Virginia, is very anxious to receive a book of popular recitations or short and medium length poems suitable for recitations by young girls at small private entertainments.

5. As the Cheerful friends have almost deserted me, and winter is coming on, I will ask again for reading. Would be pleased to get a small geography and United States history for my little boy, and "St. Elmo"

or any good reading for myself. Thanking all for past kindness, Mrs. Bettie Short, Elamsville, Virginia.

6. I want to have a Christmas tree for the poor children of my neighborhood. Any books, magazines, illustrated papers, Christmas cards, pictures,—anything that you think would please children. This is for children who have but few pleasures at any time, and I beg all, when they are preparing for the glad Christmas time, to not forget me and my little band. Articles that are no longer new will be new to us. Thanking you all so much for your kindness in the past, Mrs. J. Porter, Doerun, Colquitt County, Georgia, R. F. D. 3.

7. As my helpless mother, who is unable to write and quite unable to buy books, has wished for a long while for books for her children, who cannot have the advantage of school education, she requested me to write, asking if kind friends of the *Cheerful Letter* could send the following books: Baldwin's "First Year's Work," "First Lessons in United States History." And she wishes so much for a Red-letter Testament, "Life's Pathway," and any other real good religious and instructive books for her seven children and herself. Mamma suffers a great deal with her eyes, but I will read to her. I sincerely trust that some one can find it possible to send the books to Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, Alexander City, Alabama.

8. *Dear Cheerful Letter Friends*,—I want to thank you for the books and good reading you have sent me, and also tell you how much I have enjoyed reading the *Cheerful Letter*. I would like to receive any good reading. M. Ada Cannaday, Cambria, Virginia.

9. I would be glad if the *Cheerful Letter* friends would send me some more books and magazines. For a long time I have not received many, and I like to pass them on. I would like very much to have "The Masquerader," "Old Gorgon Graham," "Beverly of Graustark." Would be so glad to receive current numbers of the following magazines: *The Wide World Magazine*, *Lippincott's The Young People's Weekly*. If some friends will send me these, it will not only afford us much pleasure, but also many

others I wish to thank all for past favors. Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, Parkville, Michigan, R. R. No. 1.

10. Mrs. A. D. Trevey, Naola, Virginia, asks for "St. Elmo" and "Robinson Crusoe."

11. I write to ask for a history of the world. I am an orphan, but am healthy and living with my aged grandparents. We are not able to buy such books as I need. Walter C. Lester, Elamsville, Virginia.

12. *Dear Cheerful Letter Friends*,—May I have a chat with you all? I cannot write very much, but I think of you all so many times while I am obliged to lie in bed, having been put into plaster of Paris a week ago, and must be kept in it for a year for spinal trouble and hip disease. I want to tell you how much I enjoy the dear *Cheerful Letter*, and every word of cheer and comfort I have received the past year. Ah that you could know how I do appreciate these blessings, dear friends, and that you might know how much you help to brighten my months of suffering! Mrs. Clara A. Welch, St. Albans, Maine.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

"O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,
Wie treu sind deine Blätter!"

O green fir-tree, O green fir-tree,
How true and dear thy heart must be!
When winter comes, the roses go,
But thou art fair in frost and snow.

O green fir-tree, O green fir-tree,
What joy thy boughs have given me!
I love them well in summer's prime!
But most at joyous Christmas time.
O green fir-tree, O green fir-tree
How true and dear thy heart must be!

Pussy in the Snow.

Oh, oh, oh!
Pussy jumped into the snow!
When she came out of the snow once more,
Oh, what pretty white boots she wore!

Oh, see, see!
Pussy jumped into a tree!
She lapped the snow from her little feet;
She made herself all clean and neat.
"I'll sit on the shed, I'll sit in the tree,
I'll never go back in the snow," said she.

—Translations from the German, "For
Susan and Anna."

TELLING STORIES.

The words "telling stories" do not mean telling falsehoods, as the reader might, perhaps, at first suppose. It means relating entertaining stories to amuse and instruct young children. Persons who have charge of young children often wish that they had the art of inventing stories to entertain them; but they say they have not the gift, and that it is of no use for them to try.

Juno used to think that she could not tell stories, till Mary Osborne taught her the art.

"The great difficulty is," said Mary, "that people attempt too much. They do not understand what the nature of the interest is which children take in a story. It is mainly in having pleasing ideas and pictures presented to their minds by means of words.

"If you take a young child just learning to talk, and repeat any words to him that bring thoughts and images to his mind,—no matter whether there is any connection between them or not,—he will be greatly interested, and will listen attentively a long time. Of course you must use such words as he can understand; that is, words which will awaken some ideas in his mind. But it is not necessary that there should be any connected sense in them whatever. You may say such things as this,—I mean when the child is so young as to be just beginning to learn to talk,—'Dog. Big dog; dog bark Pussy; pussy go to the door; jump up on table; jump up! Where's the house? Where's the cow? Moo! Moo!' and so on. The child, you will find, will listen attentively a long time, and the interest consists in what to him is such a wonderful thing, and something so new,—the *having pictures of things that he has seen called up in his mind by sounds coming into his ear.*"

"I should not have thought he would be interested at all in such a jumble," said Juno.

"If you try it, you will find that he is," rejoined Mary. "He will be nearly as much interested,—and, if he is very young, perhaps quite as much so,—as if it were a connected story. People think there must be a connection and a sense in what is told to children in order to interest them, and they think so because they do not understand the *nature* of the interest which they feel. It is in the *images themselves*, and not in the manner in which they are connected, that the charm lies; and that is because the *having* thoughts and mental pictures brought

to their minds by sounds in their ears is a novel sensation for them, and a wonderful one."

"Yes; but, Miss Osborne," said Juno, "that kind of story would not interest larger boys and girls such as those that I have most to do with. And I wish very much to learn how to tell stories that will interest them."

"Ah, we shall come to that by and by," said Miss Osborne. "We must begin at the beginning. This is the first lesson. I wish you to try this experiment first; and, if you find it succeeds, I will give you another lesson, and another experiment to try, the next time I see you. Don't you know some little child just beginning to learn to talk that you can try this experiment upon?"

On returning home from this visit to Mary Osborne's, Juno went round by the way of the house where Pomp lived, in order to try her experiment at once on little Rose Lily. She, however, felt some embarrassment at the idea of making her experiment in the presence of the child's mother. So she concluded that she would take Rosey out into a little garden which Pomp had behind his house, and try the plan privately there.

"Now, I'll tell you a story, Rosey," said Juno. "Horse, horse, go fast! Get up! Whoa! Pussy run! Pussy mew! Open the door! Shut the door! Bang! Bang! Where's the pussy? Where's the dog? Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow!"

Here Juno paused. Rose Lily was looking up to her with a beaming expression of curiosity and wonder in her face. Juno was silent a moment, and then Rose Lily said,—

"Moah stowey!"

So Juno went on in the same strain a minute longer, when Pompling came back, and, hearing what was going on, stopped to listen. Juno, being very much encouraged by the result of her experiment so far, went on, notwithstanding the presence of an auditor; and, to her surprise, she found that even Pompling, old as he was, seemed interested in listening. He was five or six years old, and Juno supposed that he would be entirely beyond such stories as those.—*Jacob Abbott, "Juno and Georgie."*

A LETTER.

I would like to tell the Cheerful Letter readers, "Just How" we made one Christmas merry for our four little ones.

Three boys, nine, seven, and two, and a baby sister less than a year.

We had just \$1.25 to spend for our Christ-

mas. Papa went purchasing, and mamma prepared the home.

Our dining-table was dressed in the best that our meagre house afforded. As we were where evergreens abounded, an ever-green bouquet was placed at each end of the table.

After papa returned with the purchases:—

Before each little plate was made a little circle of chocolate drops, in the centre of the circle was a huge pop-corn ball mounted on three chocolate drops for legs, on each ball was placed a pink or white candy pig.

A dish filled with mixed candy and nuts on each end of the table.

A picture-book for the oldest, and perhaps a horn or harp, completed the extras.

And such delights and pleasures we shall never forget!

Many Christmases have passed since, valuable presents have been theirs; but the one "Hard-time Christmas" is the sweetest to our memory.—*Cheerful Letter Reader.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

CATS AND THEIR AFFECTIONS.

(Continued.)

A more troublesome trick still was Czarina's possession to let the water out of my india-rubber bath. How this began I never knew, but came into my bedroom one night to find it flooded, the sides of the tub fallen flat, and the kitten jumping over it and slapping it as if possessed. It was a possession indeed, and became a monomania. She would watch for the chambermaid, and, as soon as the first pailful had been emptied, fly at the tub and pull it down at one side. She was scolded and cuffed and ducked in it in vain! The bath had to be filled in the morning and emptied as soon as I had taken it. In the few minutes that intervened, Czarina was on the alert, and I often turned to see a pair of wild, lustrous eyes staring over the farther side and a white paw in the act of pulling it over, just in time to rush to the rescue. She would dart to hide, quite aware that she was doing what was forbidden. She was as quick as if her veins had been filled with quicksilver, and her movements were instantaneous and electrical.

But there was another side to her nature which lay in her power of affection. I was out of health that winter, and rose only about the middle of the morning. Czarina

slept on my bed, and would not leave it until I did, not even to have her breakfast, waiting for the remnants of my bread and milk. She would roll and romp among the pillows and eider-down quilts, play monkey tricks on the transverse bar between the lower bedposts, from time to time flying at me, tousle my hair, or carry on a mock fight with my hand, kicking, biting, and worrying it. When she grew sleepy, she would stretch herself on my chest or nestle in the hollow of my neck, stroking my cheek and chin with a touch as light as thistle-down. If I were asleep, she would not wake me nor make a stir, but would occupy herself quietly in tearing the daily texts from a calendar that hung above the bed. As soon as I got up, she did so, too, and perched on my shoulder while I dressed. As there can hardly be anything so much in the way as a kitten on one's shoulder while one is brushing one's teeth or combing one's hair, she was put down half a dozen times, but would jump back instantly. If shut out of the room, she would rattle at the door loud enough to disturb people in adjacent apartments. She seldom moved or made any natural sound except purring, save a convulsive chattering of the teeth when trying to catch a fly, or when the swallows skimmed by the window at which she was sitting.

Summer came, and I had to leave Paris for two months. To take this timid, vivacious creature travelling was not to be thought of. With many regrets and misgivings she was left at a cats' boarding-house, where I paid for her at the rate of a St. Bernard dog, who would have had to be taken a walk daily, besides consuming pounds of meat, "because," I was told, "kittens are so difficult to manage." I heard that she pined at first; but, having playmates and a tree to climb, she consoled herself. When I came back, she remembered me at once, and had such a lively fear of losing me again that she sat on my shoulder incessantly. If I put her down to go into an adjoining room, she was back on her perch before I could cross the threshold; if I went out, the moment I returned she was there before my bonnet was off.

Czarina was about fifteen months old when I sailed for America, and, as there could be no question of our separation, she was brought through the perils and terrors of cabs, Channel crossings, hotels, railways, and ocean steamers, safe to her future home. The voyage was the easiest part of the

journey, her recreation being to clamber to the upper berth and pounce on me like a panther as I lay on the sofa. The slow rise of the wave outside the porthole appalled her to the last day. I could tell whenever she saw it by the sudden dilation of her pupils and the shrinking and cowering of her body. She was transferred from one conveyance to another in the padded wicker house which she early came to consider as her castle, and of which she rang the little hanging door-bell when she wished to be let out. She was surprisingly patient of her confinement; but, when definitely set free, with a large house to roam over for the first time in her life, her excitement and elation did not subside for days. Squall and M'liss were still alive, and looked with amazement at this ruffed, booted creature carrying a feathery tail in the air, and did not at first recognize her as one of their species. But M'liss was bold and adventurous, and, having settled in her mind that this was only a strange cat, forthwith attacked her with a fury and jealousy which would have cost Czarina her life had nobody been by. We hoped that in a few weeks they would become used to each other; but M'liss took a hatred of the stranger, and showed the worst traits of feline and human nature in trying to do her harm. She not only lay in wait for Zara in and out of doors, falling upon her vindictively, but would hide in my room to attack her when she went to sleep.

The gentleman whom I have already quoted as a fancier and judge of cats and dogs came to see the Angora, the first that had come to this neighborhood, and observed M'liss creeping toward her with the malignity of a fiend in her face. He warned me that I must send one or the other away, since M'liss had made up her mind to kill Czarina, and would certainly do it. He said he had seen the same thing before, once or twice, in animals, and that there was no relenting. Neither was sent away, but we had a winter of alarms, as M'liss never desisted. Czarina was saved partly by our watchfulness, partly by her own lightning quickness, and partly by her cowardice; for she grew so afraid of M'liss that she would scream at the sight of her. At last Czarina had her first kittens, and was lying with them in a canopied basket in pride and bliss, when M'liss crept into the room, crawling along the floor, and watching her chance to spring. Before any one could

interfere Czarina leaped from the basket, hair flying, eyes glaring, tail, ruff, and back bristling, so that she seemed twice her natural size, and was upon M'liss like a flash. M'liss, taken by surprise, turned and fled, the new mother driving her from the room with the sound of an explosion of firecrackers. This settled the question once for all. They did not become friends, but preserved an armed neutrality for the rest of their days.

Czarina was very fond of her first kittens and very anxious about them, but she was so helpless that we had to look after them for her. She was perpetually carrying them to safer places and losing them and coming to us to find them for her: it was often hours before the whole litter was collected. They would be found tucked away singly, looking like new-laid eggs. Her increasing affection for her mistress was constantly at war with her maternal love. She would leave the kittens whenever she heard my voice, and would only remain quietly with them if I were in the room. As this was inconvenient, I tried bringing them downstairs when I thought they were old enough. For a few minutes she seemed extremely pleased; but she grew momentarily more restless, until, without an attempt to carry them away, she fell into a convulsion, tore about the house like a mad thing, and could not be caught until she dropped from exhaustion, limp and unconscious. It was hours before she came to herself completely, and this was only the first of innumerable attacks. Some of the others, when kittens, had fits now and then, lasting a few minutes, like a child in teething; but this was a different thing.

For some years Czarina was subject to these, and they were terrible to witness. In one of them she flew out of the house, and was out of sight in a second, and was lost for two days, and, as we feared, forever; but she was traced by her mewing to the under-floor of the cow-stable, into which she must have squeezed through some rat-hole; for in these attacks she would force herself through apertures from which it was impossible to draw her out. In another she dashed to the top of the house, out of a window upon the roof, and rolled off, falling three stories. I always tried to seize her and shut her up; but it was very difficult either to catch or hold her, though she did not try to scratch or bite. As she grew older, she had these attacks

less often and less severely, months and even years sometimes passing without one; but she never outgrew them.—*S. B. Wister, in Temple Bar.*

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

V.

My fourth and last governess was a remarkable woman, a Mlle. Montriou, a person of considerable force of character, and in many respects an admirable teacher. With her I read a good deal of solid history, beginning with Rollin and going on to Plutarch and Gibbon, also some modern historians. She further taught me systematically a scheme of chronology and royal successions, till I had an amount of knowledge of such things which I afterward found was not shared by any of my schoolfellows. She had the excellent sense, also, to allow me to use a considerable part of my lesson hours with a map-book before me, asking her endless questions on all things connected with the various countries; and, as she was extremely well and widely informed, this was almost the best part of my instruction. I became really interested in these studies, and also in the great poets, French and English, to whom she introduced me. Of course my governess taught me music, including what was then called thorough bass, and now harmony; but very little of the practical part of performance could I learn then or at any time. Independently of her, I read every book on astronomy which I could lay hold of; and I well remember the excitement wherewith I waited for years for the appearance of the comet of 1835, which one of these books had foretold. At last a report reached me that the village tailor had seen the comet the previous night. Of course I scanned the sky with renewed ardor, and thought I had discovered the desired object in a misty-looking star of which my planisphere gave no notice. My father, however, poohpooed this bold hypothesis, and I was fain to wait till the next night. Then, as soon as it was dark, I ran up to a window whence I could command the constellation wherein the comet was bound to show itself. A small hazy star—and a *long train of light from it*—greeted my enchanted eyes! My limbs could hardly bear me as I tore downstairs into the drawing-room, nor my voice publish the triumphant intelligence, "It is the comet!" "It has a tail!" Everybody

(in far too leisurely a way, as I considered) went up and saw it, and confessed that the comet it certainly must be, with that appendage of the tail! Few events in my long life have caused me such delightful excitement. This was in 1835.

When my father, in 1836, had decided, by my governess's advice, to send me to school, my dear mother, though already old and feeble, made the journey, long as it was in those days, from Ireland to Brighton, to see for herself where I was to be placed, and to invoke the kindness of my schoolmistresses for me. We sailed to Bristol,—a thirty hours' passage usually, but sometimes longer,—and then travelled by post-chaises to Brighton, taking, I think, three days on the road, and visiting Stonehenge by the way, to my mother's great delight. My eldest brother, then at Oxford, attended her and acted as courier. When we came in sight of Brighton, the lamps were lighted along the long prospective of the shore. Gas was still sufficiently a novelty to cause this sight to be immensely impressive to us all.

Next day my mother took me to my future tyrants, and fondly bargained (as she was paying enormously) that I should have sundry indulgences, and principally a bedroom to myself. A room was shown to her with only one small bed in it, and this she was told would be mine. When I went to it next night, heart-broken after her departure, I found that another bed had been put up, and a schoolfellow was already asleep in it. I flung myself down on my knees by my own bed and cried my heart out, and was accordingly reprimanded next morning before the whole school for having been seen to cry at my prayers.

The education of women was probably at its lowest ebb about half a century ago. It was at that period more pretentious than it had ever been before, and infinitely more costly than it is now; and it was likewise more shallow and senseless than can easily be believed. To inspire young women with due gratitude for their present privileges, won for them by my contemporaries, I can think of nothing better than to acquaint them with some of the features of school-life in England in the days of their mothers. I say advisedly the days of their mothers, for in those of their grandmothers things were by no means equally bad. There was

much less pretence and more genuine instruction, so far as it extended.

For a moment let us, however, go back to these earlier grandmothers' schools, say those of the year 1790 or thereabouts. From the reports of my own mother, and of a friend whose mother was educated in the same place, I can accurately describe a school which flourished at that date in the fashionable region of Queen Square, Bloomsbury. The mistress was a certain Mrs. Devis, who must have been a woman of ability; for she published a very good little English grammar for the express use of her pupils, also a geography, and a capital book of maps, which possessed the inestimable advantage of recording only those towns, cities, rivers, and mountains which were mentioned in the geography, and not confusing the mind (as maps are apt to do) with extraneous and superfluous towns and hills. I speak with personal gratitude of those venerable books, for out of them chiefly I obtained such ink-lings of geography as have sufficed generally for my wants through life, the only disadvantage they entailed being a firm impression, still rooted in my mind, that there is a "Kingdom of Poland" somewhere about the middle of Europe.

Beside grammar and geography and a very fair share of history ("Ancient" derived from Rollin, and "Sacred" from Mrs. Trimmer), the young ladies at Mrs. Devis's school learned to speak and read French with a very good accent, and to play the harpsichord with taste, if not with a very learned appreciation of "severe" music. The "Battle of Prague" and Hook's Sonatas were, I believe, their culminating achievements. But it was not considered in those times that packing the brains of girls with facts, or even teaching their fingers to run over the keys of instruments, or to handle pen and pencil, was the *alpha* and *omega* of education. William of Wykeham's motto, "Manners makyth Manne," was understood to hold good emphatically concerning the making of Woman. The abrupt speaking, courtesy-neglecting, slouching, slangy young damsel who may now perhaps carry off the glories of a university degree would have seemed to Mrs. Devis still needing to be taught the very rudiments of feminine knowledge. "Decorum" (delightful word! the very sound of which brings back the smell of Maréchale powder) was the imperative law of a lady's inner life as well as of her outward habits, and in Queen Square noth-

ing that was not decorous was for a moment admitted. Every movement of the body in entering and quitting a room, in taking a seat and rising from it, was duly criticised. There was kept, in the back premises, a carriage taken off the wheels, and propped up *en permanence*, for the purpose of enabling the young ladies to practise ascending and descending with calmness and grace, and without any unnecessary display of their ankles. Every girl was dressed in the full fashion of the day. My mother, like all her companions, wore hair-powder, and rouge on her cheeks when she entered the school a blooming girl of fifteen,—that excellent rouge at five guineas a pot, which (as she explained to me in later years) did not spoil the complexion like ordinary compounds, and which I can witness really left a beautiful clear skin when disused thirty years afterward.

Beyond these matters of fashion, however,—so droll now to remember,—there must have been at Mrs. Devis's seminary a great deal of careful training in what may be called the great Art of Society,—the art of properly paying and receiving visits, of saluting acquaintances in the street and drawing-room, and of writing letters of compliment. When I recall the type of perfect womanly gentleness and high breeding which then and there was formed, it seems to me as if, in comparison, modern manners are all rough and brusque. We have graceful women in abundance still; but the peculiar old-fashioned suavity, the tact which made everybody in a company happy and at ease,—most of all the humblest individual present,—and which at the same time effectually prevented the most audacious from transgressing *les bienséances* by a hair,—of that suavity and tact we seem to have lost the tradition.

The great Bloomsbury school, however, passed away at length, good Mrs. Devis having departed to the land where I trust the rivers of Paradise formed part of her new study of geography. Nearly half a century later, when it came to my turn to receive education, it was not in London, but in Brighton, that the ladies' schools most in estimation were to be found.—*Autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe.*

In truth, it is impossible for the man to be brave who shall pronounce pain to be the greatest evil, or temperate who shall propose pleasure as the highest good.—*Cicero.*

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

BOSTON, Sept. 21, 1838.

My dear Brother,—I received your letter containing the answer to Professor N. (for the article is universally attributed to him, and it is said he was assisted by Mr. Ticknor who has just returned from his European tour); and, since you give me a voice in the matter, I should think it far best to take no notice of it. But the charge was in the original much heavier than in the copy that you saw. This first one was answered by Theophilus Parsons; a reply to that soon appeared; a rejoinder followed, and an excellent piece on the subject afterward came out in the *Post*, written by Mr. Brownson. As you read the innuendo against the *Western Messenger*, it appears to be no attack at all,—hardly an innuendo except from its connection. It was so slight a charge compared with that put against Mr. Emerson that it was lost in the noise of the other. I believe that was generally disgusting even to those who dislike Mr. Emerson and were offended with the sermon. By the way, what do you think of the doctrines of the address? Do they offend you at all?

The Dartmouth oration seems to me to have more pure Emersonism in it than anything yet. How good that is about American art! How true that its grace is without grandeur, and, after all, a borrowed grace! I do not think this accusation affects Allston, for he is not in any real sense an American. He lives here because he was accidentally born here, or providentially; but he belongs to no country, and not certainly to this century.

Perhaps it is not true of American eloquence. What think you about that?

The latest ministerial intelligence is that Mr. Simmons is going to Mobile instead of Bellows: Simmons is rather preferred to Bellows in Boston. They are both much followed. Bellows is to undertake to collect a new congregation, who will, it is expected, build a church for him in Mt. Vernon Street. He will begin to preach in the Temple. This is a plan of Dr. Channing. There is a new church wanted in that part of the town, and there is a vacant space for it, and here is Mr. Bellows who wants to stay in Boston, so I suppose they will do it. It is also said that a few days since Mr. Pierpont received an intimation from his society

that they were dissatisfied with him. He has been preaching Abolition till they can endure it no longer. Mr. Ripley has just got home, and has been preaching all day to-day about the wants of the West. He is delighted with his tour.

I thought your answer to Mr. N. had better be suppressed, and Sam thought it had better be published. It always seems to me that it is of no use to answer such headlong attacks. If no notice is taken of it, the writer feels foolish.

Mr. N.'s "*latest*" is that the old Unitarian school is breaking up, and that the new school of Infidels, with George Ripley at their head, are coming on to attack it in its hour of weakness, and that all the friends of the old school must now gird themselves up for the defence. Accordingly Mr. Greenwood has preached a Thursday lecture against new ideas, by way of doing his part. That ever I should live to see Mr. Greenwood exhausted, and come to the end of himself. In taking such a leap, the soul gets out of breath and has a pain in its side—it is quite painful. Good-bye, my dear brother: I shall never live to see you in the same case, I am sure.

Yours ever affectionately,

SARAH

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

The longest list of words made from
ORGANDIE

was sent by Mrs. William A. Wheeler of West Newton, Mass., who sends one hundred and thirty-four correct words, and therefore takes the first prize, a novel by J. M. Barrie.

The next longest list was sent by Marjorie MacIntire, Hyde Park, Mass. (age thirteen years, ten months), one hundred and eight words, who takes the second prize, "*Lilla's Withered Hand*."

Others who sent very creditable lists were Margaret Shurtleff, Boston, Mass., and Barbara Hayden, Roxbury, Mass.

We give Mrs. Wheeler's list below:—

Mrs Wheeler's List.

- 15 Ado, Adore, Adorn, Age, Aged, Agio, Ago, Aid, Ain, Air, An, And, Anger, Are, Arid.
- 11 Dan, Dane, Danger, Dare, Darn, Dean, Dear, Deign, Den, Die, Dig, Din, Dine, Ding, Dire, Dirge, Dō, Dò, Doe, Dog, Don, Dora, Done, Dong, Dor, Drag, Dragon, Drain, Dreg, Drone.

- 10 Ear, Earn, Eda, Edna, Ego, End, Eon,
Era, Ergo, Erin.
- 30 Gad, Gander, Gar, Gear, Gideon, Gin,
Gird, Go, Goad, God, Gone, Gore,
Grade, Grain, Grand, Groan, Groin,
Grin, Grind, Gren.
- 9 Ida, Idea, Ignore, In, Ind, Ino, Ira, Ire,
Iron.
- 10 Nadir, Nag, Nard, Near, Negro, No, Nod,
Node, Nog, Nor.
- 12 Oar, Ode, Ogre, On, One, Or, Orange,
Ordain, Order, Ore, Organ, Orgie.
- 28 Rae, Rag, Rage, Raid, Rain, Ran,
Rand, Rang, Range, Re, Read, Red,
Regain, Regan, Reign, Rein, Rid, Ride,
Ridge, Rig, Rigor, Ring, Ringe, Road,
Roan, Rod, Rode, Roe.

To this list the editor of the Amusement Column adds, Aeon, Aiden, Arden, Arne, Diner, Goer, Ian, Io, Ion, Iona, Inga, Odin, Ora, Oread, making a list of one hundred and forty-eight, which are made from the same eight letters.

K. L. W.

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It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable. Do not offer odd numbers of periodicals.

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Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, may be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

The December meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., on Friday, December 7, at 10.30 A.M. The subject of this meeting will be Cheerful Letter work in Maine and New Hampshire.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

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Those who send reading matter to the soldiers in the Philippine Islands are reminded that *current* periodicals and good, bright, standard novels are the kind of reading desired. Do not send *old* magazines, nor periodicals adapted especially for women. Numbers of periodicals issued within a year may be sent.

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